PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

PRICE ONE CENT.

11 A. M.

"HE WAS AN HONEST MAN.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S MAGNIFICENT TRIBUTE TO ROSCOE CONKLING.

A Memorial Address Before the Legislature at Albany-The Honesty, Integrity and Courage of Mr. Conkling Elequently Set Forth-An Estimate of the Dead States

INFECIAL TO THE WORLD.]
ALBANY, May 2.—Roscoe Conkling's birthplace to-night paid a most glowing tribute to the memory of the great patriot and statesman. The Academy of Music, the largest building in the city, was packed an hour before the time for the beginning of the memorial services arranged in his honor. Nearly four thousand admirers, and in some in stances close friends of the Senator, squeezed into the building, tammed pit, galleries and stage, and long before 8 o'clock the crush was so tremendous that the doors were closed and fully three thousand were turned away.

It was a few minutes past the appointed hour when Lieut .- Gov. Jones called the vast assemblage o order. At his left sat Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, who was to deliver probably the grandest oration of his life. Before him was Gen. James W. Husted, Chairman of the Assembly Committee of Arrange ents, while at the right of the presiding officer sat Senator Henry J. Coggestall, Chairman of the Senate committee. Directly belvind these gentlemen were Edward S. Stokes, of New York; John F. Seymour, brother of Horatio Seymour; ex-Colector Isaac H. Bally; ex-Senator William C. Traphagan; R. W. Wolffsohn, ex-Clerk of the Senate; W. Vrooman, John A. Gilbert, of Franklyn; John A. Sleicher, ex-Assemblyman George H. Henry, ex-Mayor William H. Wickham, of New York; President pro tem. of the Senate, Henry S. Low, Comptroller Wemple, Superintendent of Insurance William H. Maxwell and State Treasurer Louis J. Fitzgerald. Nearly occupied seats either on the stand or in the body of the House, which was reserved for them. A delegation from Utica, headed by Col. Thomas R. Proctor, was also in attendance. It was composed of Maj. D. F. Bearts, C. J. Evarts, H. D. Pixiey, William E. Lewis, A. P. Howes, E. S. O'Counc

and E. A. Ryland. THE AUDIENCE HELD SPELL-BOUND.

Gen. Henry W. Slocum, of Brooklyn, could not reach the inside of the building because of the crush. Mrs. Conkling was detained by illness at her home. Hundreds of richly dressed ladies testifled their esteem for the dead statesman by their presence. The ball was; devoid of decoration except for a large engraving of Mr. Conkling, enveloped with the star-spangled banner, that stood be-fore the Speaker's stand. The exercises opened with the reading by Senate Clerk John Kenyon'or the resolutions adopted by both branches of the Legislature upon the reception of the news of Mr. Conkling's Jeath. Then in graceful manner the Lieutenant-Governor introduced the orator of the evening, Col. Ingersoll. He was received with arty applause on the part of the multitude.

In tones of eloquence and pathos rarely equalled, the faithful and tried friend of the great departed began his oration. For over an hour he held the audience spellbound, as, from boyhood to the tomb, he traced the life and public services of Mr. When he described the ex-Senator as a man who knew his enemies and whose enemie knew him, the politicians in the crowd quickly caught the point, and for a moment the Academy rang with shouts of approval. These demonstrations were repeated when the speaker referred to Mr. Conkling's patience and during the days he suffered from treachery, abuse and insult at the hands of his political enemies. Though Col. Ingersoll read from notes the beauty, tenderness and vigor of his oration were not at all marred. He retired amidst most enthusiastic plaudits.

In the course of his enlogy Col. Ingersoll said: Roscoe Conkling—a great man, an orator, a statesman, a lawyer, a distinguished citizen of the Republic, in the zenith of his fame and power has reached his journey's end; and we are met, here in the city of his birth, to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He carned and held a proud position in the public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many

and his name was known and honored by many millions of his fellow-men.

The literature of many lands is rich with the tributes that gratitude, samiration and love have paid to the great and honored dead. These tributes disclose the cnaracter of nations, the ideals of the human race. In them we find the estimates of greatness—the deeds and lives that challenged praise and thrilled the hearts of men.

In the presence of death, the good man judges as a would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments—that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all. In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict. Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings—these are but the dust of the race—tness are southed in the distribution of the his character. They are the clouds that cling to mountains. Time gives us clearer vision. That which was merely local fades away. The words of envy are forgotien, and all there is of sterling worth remains. He who was called a partisan is a patriot. The revolutionist and the outlaw are the founders of nations, and he who was regarded as a scheming, seinsh politician becomes a statesman, a biologopher, whose words and deeds saed light.

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great wheels were a state of the great wheels were researched to the great wheels and deeds saed light.

of nations, and he who was regarded as a scheming, selfish politician becomes a statesman, a buildoopher, whose words and deeds sand light. Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies—one who has nobily fought the battle of a life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thought—one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend—in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves.

We pay a tribute to ourselves.

We pay a tribute to ourselves.

Hishingtone, integrity and courage are the great pillast that support the Ratte.

Abvoe all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rest the great fabric of the Repulle. Flatteren, cringers, crawlers, time-servers are the fangerous citizens of a democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the roislakes, the prejuddess and passions of the multilade are the enemies of liberty.

The TRUE PATRIOT IS OPTEN SACRIFICED.

THE TRUE PATRIOT IS OPTEN SACRIFICED.

When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many, anarchy begins, and the Republic reaches hie edge of chaos. Medicority, touched with ambition, flatters the base and cauministes the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often in and the control of the c

in a government of the people a leader should be a teacter—he should carry the torch of truth. Most people are the slaves of habit—followers of Sustom—tailevers in the wisdom of the past—and

were it not for brave and splendid souls, "the dust of antique time would lie unswept, and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer." Custom is a prison, locked and barred by those who long ago were cust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks chaims, levels wails and breaks the many-headed moo like some great cliff that meets and mooks the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority—insists that their prejudice is patrictum, that their ignorance is wisdom—not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multistude, attacks the prejudices of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their crucilities, enlightens and enlarges their minds and educates the conscience—not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make his country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop, who cannot be bribed by the promise of success or the fear of failure—who walks the highway of the right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawing—position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, these men, these kneelers at the surines of chance and fraud, these bruzen idols worshipped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who carned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or men for place or power, will wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

oak.

Roscoe Conkling was a man of superb courage.

He not only acted without fear, but he had that fortitude of soul that bears the consequences of the course pursued without complaint. He was charged with being proud. The charge was true—he was proud. His knees were as infexible as the 'universed and gnaried oak, 'but he was not vain. Vanity rests on the opinion of others—pride, on our own. The source of vanity is from without—of bride, from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends, with every breeze—pride is the oak that defles the storm. One is dond—the other rock. One is weakness—the other strength.

THE COUNTRY NEEDED SUCH MEN.

This imperious man entered public lifetin the dawn of the reformation—at a time when the country needed men of pride, of principle and courage. The institution of slavery had poisoned all the springs of power. Betere this crime amutiton fell upon its knees—politicians, judges, clergymen and merchant princes bowed low and humbly, with their hats in their hands. The real friend of man was denounced as the enemy of his country—the real enemy of the human race was called a statesman and a patriot. Slavery was the bond and pledge of peace, of union and national greatness. The temple of American liberty was finished—the auction block was the corner-stone.

It is hard to conceive of the utter demoralization, of the political bindness and immorality, of the patriotic dishonesity, of the crueity and degradation of a people who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the Fugitive Slave law.

tion of a people who supplemented the incomparable Declaration of Independence with the Fugitive Slave law.

Think of the honored statesmen of that ignoble time who wallowed in this mire and who, decorated with dripping filth, received the plaudits of their fellow-men. The noble, the really patriotic, were the victims of mobs, and the shametees were clad in the robes of office.

But let us speak no word of blame—let us feel that each one acted according to his light—according to his darkness.

At last the conflict came. The hosts of light and darkness prepared to meet upon the fields of war. The question was presented: Shall the Republic be slave or free? The Republican party had triumphed at the polis. The greatest man in our history was President-elect. The victors were appailed—they shrank from the great responsibility of success. In the presence of robellion they hesitated—they offered to return the fruits of victory. Hoping to avert war, they were willing that slavery should become immortal. An amendment to the Constitution was proposed to the effect that no subsequent amendment should ever be made that in any way should interfere with the right of man to steal his fellow-men.

This, the most marvellous proposition ever submitted (to a congress of civilized men, received in the House an overwhelming majority, and the necessary two—thirds in the Senate. The Republican party, in the moment of its triumph, deserted every principle for which it had so gallantly contended, and with the right of compromise.

A CHAMPION OF ROUAL BIGHTS.

A CHAMPION OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

The Old Guard, numbering but sixty-five in the House, stood as firm as the 300 at Thermopylæ. Thaddeus Stevens—as maliciously right as any other man was ever wrong—refused to kneel. Owen Lovejoy, remembering his brother's noble blood, refused to surrender, and on the edge of disminon, in the shadow of civil war, with the air filled with sounds of dreadful preparation, while the Republican party was retracing its steps. Roscoe Conking voted No. This puts a wreath of giory on his tomb. From that vote to the list moment of his life he was a champion of equal rights, stanch and stalwark.

stalwart.
From that moment he stood in the front rank. He never wavered and be never swerved. By his de-votion to principle—his courage, the spiendor of his never wavered and he never swerved. By his de-votion to principle—his courage, the splendor of his dection—by his varied and profound knowledge, his conscientious devotion to the great cause, and by his intellectual scope and grasp, he won and held the admiration of his fellow-men.
Disasters in the field, reverses at the polis, did not and could not shake his courage or his faith. He knew the ghastly meaning of defeat. He knew that the great ship that slavery sought to strand and wreck was freighted with the world's sublimest hope.

hope.

He battled for a nation's life—for the rights of slaves—the dignity of labor and the liberty of all. He guarded with a father's care the rights of the hinted, the hated and despised. He attacked the savage statutes of the reconstructed States with a torrent of invective, scorn and exceration. He was not satisfied until the freedman was an American citizen—clothed with every civil right—until the Constitution was his shield—until the ballot was his sword.

than he. He voted according to his judgment—his conscience. He made no bargains—he neither bought nor sold. HIS COMPANY WAS SELF-RESPECT.

To correct evils, abolish abuses and inaugurate reforms, he believed was not only the duty, but the privilege, of a legislator. He neither soid nor mortgaged himself. He was in Congress during the years of vast expenditure, of war and waste—when the credit of the nation was loaned to individuals—when claims were thick as leaves in June, when the amendment of a statute, the change of a single word, meant millions, and when empires were given to corporations. He stood at the summit of his power—peer of the greatest—a leader tried and trusted. He had the tastes of a prince, the fortune of a peasant, and yet he never swerved. No corporation was great enough or rich enough to purchase him. His vote could not be bought "for all the sun sees, or the close earth wombs, or the profound sass hide." His hand was never touched by any oribe, and on his soul there never was a sordid stain. Poverty was his priceless crown.

Above his marvellous intellectual gifts—above all place he ever reached—above the ermine he refused—rises his integrity like some great mountain peak, and there it stands, firm as the earth beneath, pure as

the stars above.

He was a great lawyer. He understood the framework, the anatomy, the foundations of law; was familiar with the great streams and currents and tides of authority.

He knew the history of legislation—the principles that have been settled upon the fields of war. He knew the maxims—those crystallizations of common sense, those hand-grenades of argument.

war. He knew the maxims—those crystalizations of common sense, those hand-grenades of argument.

He was not a case lawyer—a decision index or an echo; he was original, thoughtful and profound, lie had breadth and scope, resource, learning, logic, and above all, a sense of justice.

He was painstaking and conselentious—anxious to know the facts—preparing for every attack, ready for every defence. He rested only when the end was reached. During the contest he neither sent nor received a flag of trace.

He was true to his clients—making their case his. Feeling responsibility, he listened patiently to details, and to his industry there were only the limits of time and strength.

He was a student of the Constitution. He knew the boundaries of State and Federal jurisdiction, and no man was more familiar with those great decisions that are the peaks and promonitories, the headlands and the beacons, of the law.

He was as orator—carnest, locical, intense and picturesque. He laid the foundation with care, with accuracy and skill, and rose by "cold gradation and well-balanced form" from the corner-stone of statement to the domed conclusion. He filled the stage. He satisfied the eye—the andlence was his. He had that indefinable thing called grescace. Tail, commanding, erect, ample in speech, graceful in compliment, Titanic in denunciation, rich in linetration, produgal of comparison and metaphor, and his sentences, measured and rhythmical, fell like music on the enraptured throng.

HE WAS A GREAT LAWYES.

He abhorred the Pharisce and loathed all conscientious fraud. He had a profound aversion for those who misist on putting base motives back of the good deeds of others. He wore no mask. He knew his friends, his enemies knew him.

He had no patience with pretense, with patriotic reasons for unmanly acts. He did his work and bravely spoke his thought.

Sensitive to the last degree, he keenly felt the blows and stabs of the envious and obscure, of the smallest, of the weakest; but the greatest could not stoop to ask or give an explanation. He left as words and deeds to justify themselves.

He held in light esteem a friend who heard with half-believing cars the slander of a foe. He walked a highway of his own, and kept the company of his self-respect. He would not turn aside to avoid a foe—to greet or gain a friend.

In his nature there was no compromise. To him there were but two paths—the right and wrong, he was maligned, misrepresented and missunderstood; but he would not answer. He knew that character speaks louder far than any words. He was as silent then as he is now; and his silence, better than any form of speech, refrired every charge. HE WAS A GREAT LAWYER,

harge. He was an American—proud of his country, that charge.

He was an American—proud of his country, that was and ever will be proud of him. He did not find perfection only in other lands. He did not find perfection only in other lands. He did not grow small and sbranken, withered and apologetic, in the presence of those upon whom greatness had been throat by chance. He could not be overawed by dukes or tords, nor fattered into vertebrateless subserviency by the patronizing amiles of kings. In the midst of conventionalities he had the resiling of suffocation. He believed in the royalty of man, in the sovereignty of the citizen and in the matchless greatness of this Republic.

He was of the classic mould—a figure from the antique world, he had the pose of the great statues, the pride and bearing of the intellectual Greek, of the conquering Roman, and he stood in the wide free air as though within his veins there flowed the blood of a hundred kings.

And as he lived he died. Proudly be entered the darkness, or the dawn, that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the ulmost reach of human harm or help, to that was realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell, and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the remover of a brave, inversious tables.

he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, nonest man, who bowed alone to death.

THE DISTRICT-ATTORNEY'S FAILT.

Dutch Harmon " Escapes Punishment-His Case Not Going to the Jury.

Ex-Assistant District-Attorney Purdy won a sub stantial victory over the District-Attorney's office yesterday in the case of the notorious crook, Her man Palmer, better known as "Dutch Harmon. who was tried before Judge Cowing, charged with attempted burglary in the grocery store of George F. Helssenbuttel, No 2263 Second avenue. The night of Dec. 5 Policemen Cottrell and Kane, i civilian dress, saw Palmer with Robert Johnson alias Nichols, and Robert Wilson, alias Clark, an

attas Nichols, and Robert Wilson, alias Clark, and whother man, all professional thieves, as they were about to take the elevated road at the Third avenue and one Hundred and Sixth street station. The four crocks stepped into a hallway, and the policemen heard Harmon say:

"We've got to crack another gopher."

"Let's stow the kit and go downtown," replied a companion.

The policemen captured Johnson and Wilson after a struggle in which platols were drawn. Palmer and his unknown companion escaped. It was found that the gang had broken open fleissentiel's store, blown open the safe and stolen 3150 and a check for \$100. Johnson and Wilson pleaded guilty in January and were sent to State prison for long terms.

Mr. Purdy contended yesterday that the prosecu Mr. Pardy contended yesterday that the prosecu-tion had not shown any collusion between his client, Dutch Harmon, and the persons with whom he had been seen before and after the crime had been committed. Assistant District-Attorney Mac-dona pleaded that collusion had been proved be-cause the two policemen had testified to the con-versation in which it was admitted by inference that a burgiary had been committed. that a burglary had been committed.
"I don't think it would be safe to let the case go
to the jury," said Judge Cowing, who then dis-charged Palmer, with a caution to be careful not to

e again brought up.
''I assure the Court that Mr. Dutch Harmon ha the highest respect and esteem for worthy Chief Inspector Byrnes," said Mr. Purdy, " and can say that he will proceed forthwith to Philadelphia and there take up his abode."

Miss Martinet Not to Sing.

It was announced last evening that Miss Sadie Martinot, who was engaged some months ago by Mr. Aronson to take the title rôle in the new opera, Mr. Aronson to take the little role in the new opera, "Nadly," to be produced at the Casino for the first time upon any stage, next Monday night, had severed her relations with the Casino management, and therefore will not appear in the opera. The part, that of a Vienna bailet dancer, is said to be an exceedingly good one, and peculiarly suited to Mias Mertinot's unusual talent. Immediately after her engagement she went abroad, had several notable dresses made by Felix at a very large cost, was taught an Hungarian dance in Vienna, communicated with the author of the opera, and make her return to New York has rehearsed the part nearly every day. Her rupture with the management is understood to have been because of her refusal to accept certain directions as to the treatment of the role from the stage manager of the Savoy Treatre, London, whom Mr. Auronson had brought over to superintend the production of the piece. Miss Martinot's friends say that the interference of this geniteman was dicatorial and sometimes offensive in the extreme. She nau made a careful study of the part, and his interpretation of it was so radically different from hers that they could not possibly agree, and she therefore retired from her contract. The part will be taken by Miss Spivia Gerrian, who has been Miss Martinot's understudy during the rehearsla. "Nadjy," to be produced at the Casino for the

A DELICIOUS aroms poculiar to itself is imparted

ness-The Official Bulletins at Berlin Progress in the Daytime and Attacks of Henry's Marriage Advanced.

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the German Emperor's condition strangely differ. Advices to the Foreign Office here say that the Emperor is absolutely incapable of transacting business, and that he is delirious nearly all the time. His situation is very similar to that of Presisent Garfield when the latter was suffering from pysemia. President Garfield was nearly a month n dying after his mind gave way.

factory night. His strength has increased. The ilscharge of pus has lessened. It is expected that ne will rise to-day and recline on a safa.

canula was changed this morning, and the Em-peror rose at 8 o'clock and lay on a sofa in his study, where he was visited by the Crown Prin cess. Conncellor Wilmowski also called and made report. The Crown Prince called at the castle and inquired after the Emperor.

In the future Dr. Bardelebon will take part in the consultations of the Emperor's medical attendants on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and Prof. Senator in those held on Tuesdays, Thurslays and Saturdays.

day. He remained out of bed until 8 30 r. M., and hid not feel especially tired. This evening he had slight fever. The doctors when inserting the canula last evening took the opportunity to exsmine the wound in the Emperor's throat. They express hope of a further improvement in the

trive this moratng. The North German Gazette says that several ut-terances attributed to Prince Bismarck in interriews recently with noted foreigners are apocryphal, and refers those who are desirous of ascer aining the Chancellor's views on the political situation to his speech in the Reichstag on Feb. 6. Prince Henry's marriage to Princess liene of

INQUEST ON MR. SANDS.

His Remains to Be Brought to New York for

York World). [SPECIAL CABLE DESPATCH TO THE WORLD.]

LONDON, May 9. - The remains of Mr. Mahlor ands will be embarked on Saturday on board the Umbria for New York, in charge of his brother, Mr.

threw its rider with great force on his head. There was nothing to frighten the borse, and the traffic was nearly over. The animal ran away, but was eventually topped." Mr. Sands was still alive when he (above-mentioned witness) and another constable got him to the hospital. It was a payed Inspector of Police Ellison described the crossing,

in the evening from the effects of a fracture of the death was returned by the Coroner's jury.

JOHN BULL GETTING READY.

Extensive Preparations for War Made by the Government.

LONDON, May 9. -The Right Hon. Edward Stantope, Secretary of State for War, to-day received deputation of Members of Parliament, who presented an address urging the necessity of place

the country in a proper state of defense. In reply the War Secretary declared that there be ready for any emergency. The volunteer ar-tillery would be increased by the addition of 250 Mobile and eighty heavier guns. The danger did not lie in the want of numbers, but in incomplete preparations. The Government appealed to Par-liament to assist in preparing to avert any danger that might threaten England.

League—New York at Chicago, Boston at Pittabur Philadelphia at Detroit, Washington at Indianapolis. Association—Brooklyn at Philadelphia, Baltimore Cleveland, St. Louis at Checkunst, Ramas City The Standing of the Clubs

ABSOCIATION. Yale's Oarsmen Challenge.

New Haven, May 2.—The following challenge were received to-day from the rowing anthoritie of the University of Pennsylvania: of the University of Pennayivania:

Philadelfria, May 5.—The University of Pennayivania hereby challenges Vals University to a four-mile straightaway eight-cared shell race, with consessin, to be rowed over the regular four-mile course at New London, Conn., the date to be mutually agreed up on.

The Freshman of the University of Pennayivania hereby challenges the Freshmen of Yale University to a two-mile straightaway eight-cared shell race, with consessin, to be rowed at New London, Conn., over the last two miles of the regular four-mile course, the date to be mutually agreed upon.

KDOAR DUDLEY FARIER, Secretary.

PICTURES of the rulers, flags and coats-of-arms of all attons packed with HOREST "LONG CUT," the best

HARD AT IT.

Littlewood Determined to Beat Albert's Big Record.

Fleet Guerrero Trots Up to Second Place.

SCORE AT 10.30 A. M.	
TAMbaman # Miles.	Lapr.
Littlewood 370	- 5
Guerrero 362	1
Guerrero 362 Herty 357 Hughes 337 Golden 334	- 6
Hughes	ő
Golden 334 Worsman 314	9
Warrance	
	- 6
171110n 314	- 0
Campana 260	7

Eight sawdust-packers still remained this morning of the forty-four who set out on Sunday night for fame and fortune so fresh and confident. But the eight were veterans, No phenomenon was there to excite the wonder of the world.

There was George Littlewood, the English blond. He is twenty-nine years old. He had quite recovered from his lameness of Tuesday morning, and he ran as gracefully and lightly as when Jack Dempsey started the men four days ago.

Herty, the Bostonian, tall, angular, warthy, still trotted along on his schedule, as unmindful of the other contestants as though none existed. His condition was

Gus Guerrero, bent on retrieving the position lost on Monday, when he was suffering with vertigo, nausea and lack of ambition. had been bowling along all night and was still running in splendid form.

Peter Golden, the old New York amateur. chubby, cheerful and pretty, ran better and looked less " put out " than yesterday morn-

Jack Hughes, in a new suit of tights, turkey-red as to the waist, old gold as to the legs and wine color as to the broad silk belt, got out of bed at 2.30 o'clock, after a three and a half hours' sleep, refreshed and almost

and a half hours' sleep, refreshed and almost free from his rheumatism. He lounged along with more vim and energy than yesterday.

The other four—Noremac, Dillon, Campana and Vint—were in bed at daybreak, although they were still in the race.

The men were running in the order named. Littlewood had scored \$47 miles 4 laps at 6 o'clock. That was 27 miles behind the record mad by Charlie Rowell in 1882, but only 23 miles short of Albert's record at the same hour. Littlewood, as has been said before, is faster than Albert or Rowell, other things being equal. He was in prime condition at breakfast time.

It is evident that the Sheffield boy is determined to beat Albert's record if no illness overtakes him. It is to his interest to beat the record, for having set a peg ahead of the Atlantic City boy, a race in which the two will compete will draw many shekels from New Yors pockets, and that is what would surely follow.

Sow York pockets, and that is what would surely follow.

Frank Dole, Littlewood's backer, said this morning: "When George Littlewood stops it is because he has to. There is not a lazy hair in his head. It is a pleasure to him to tramp the sawdust, and when he says he can't win it hurts him, for it is because he can't."

"We want to beat Albert's record. Albert we want to beat Albert's record. Albert will never race until it is beaten, and when we beat it we want a sweepstakes for \$500 or \$1,000 a corner, with only Albert, Cathcart, Fitzgerald, Hughes, Rowell and other top men in it. These 'wonders' and 'phenomena' take up room on the track but are no good. They destroy good time."

nomena' take up room on the track but are no good. They destroy good time."

Gus Guerrero, the Colifornia mustang, has his eye on the leader, and with two and a half hours sleep behind him, he was going at a six-mile lope during the first half of the a sx-mile lope during the first half of the day. At 1.45 last night he passed Dan Herty in the fifth lap of the 322d mile, taking second place. At breakfast time he was two miles ahead of Herty, and eight miles of sawdust lay between him and the Sheffield boy. At 7.55 he had reduced Littlewood's lead to seven miles, and then he retired to his hut for breakfast and a rubbing.

But this did not disturb the equilibrium of the Bostonian. Peds may come and nada

But this did not disturb the equilibrium of the Bostonian. Peds may come and peds may go, but Dan Herty goes on forever, and George Littlewood only glanced at the big score-board when the mustang's name was elevated above that of Herty to see why the sleepers in the free gallery cheered.

Peter Golden usurned Lepper Hughes's place between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning, and from that time on it was first one and then the other in fourth place.
Old Sport Campana had seven plates of

and then the other in fourth place.
Old Sport Campana had seven plates of
mackerel for breakfast, if he may be believed,
and was chipper as Mr. Crowley afterwards,
with 260 miles to his credit.
The scores are as follows: THE SCORE PROM I TO S A. M

14. M. 24. M. 34. M. 44. M. 54. M. 64. M



Bobby Vint, the "inch-and-a-half shoe-maker,", went to bed at 11.15 last night and slept soundly for four hours. Then he returned to the track, but was so painfully stiff that he retired again after making six laps, and slept until 8 o'clock this morning. He had covered but 252 miles and his chance of covering the requisite 525 miles was gone, even if his condition was good.

Dan Dillon had ninty minutes' sleep and was feeling as well as could be expected this morning. He reached his 300th mile at 7.15 and was industriously catching up with George Noremac, who was sixth in the race, while Noremac slept.

Parson Tilly, being deprived of the pleasure of a 300-mile constitutional, obtained

ure of a 300-mile constitutional, obtained ure of a 300-mile constitutional, obtained vent to his pedestrianic enthusiasm in employment with the broom and rake on the sawdust track. All the other peds who have died in the race, hang about the big pavilion with wistful faces, and each insists that his failure to win the race was the fault of the "hamfatter" who trained him.

The score at 10 a. m. was: Littlewood, 367.8; Guerrero, 359.6; Herty, 354.5; Hughes, 384.7; Golden, 333.6; Noremae, 314.1; Dilion, 311.5; Campana, 260.7. SHE WISHED HER BETRAYER DEAD.

a Heart-Broken Father Attempts the Fulfilment of Her Desires.

INPECIAL TO THE WORLD, I tempt at murder. An enraged father is to-night lodged behind the bars for shooting his daughter's betrayer. The story is as sad as it is sensational Hattie Tyler is the second of four daughters of Amos Tyler, who resides at Bath, on the Hudson she is not yet seventeru, and about a year ago sue

Hattle Tyler is the second of four daughters of Amos Tyler, who resides at Bath, on the Hudson, she is not yet seventeen, and about a year ago size met a young man of twenty-seven named William F. Gliray, who had come to Albany about six months previous and entered the dentist's office of Dr. Wheeler, on State street. Gliray became attentive to the girl and it was the old story of a double life. While Gliray was paying attention to the daughter of Robert Geer, the big sait merchant of the city, and about six weeks ago he was united in marriage to this most estimable and unfortunate young lady.

In the meantime the father of the Tyler girl returned to his home. He is a commercial traveller for a Philadelphia house. About 2 o'clock this morning he was aroused to summon a physician, as his daughter Hattle had been taken studenly ill. He was unterly unprepared for such a blow, for her remaids and acquaintances it was well known. Her friends and acquaintances it was well known. State street, and asked to see Mr. Gilroy. The latter, who was just operating on a patient, walked into a back room with Tyler. Tyler asked Gilroy what he intended doing about the matter. Gilroy replied, 'Nothing.'

Suddenly Tyler drew a revolver and fred point blank at Gilroy, who clinched with his assituation than and then ran. As he did so Tyler fired two more shots. Gilroy field to a neichboring saloos and took refuge in an upper room. Tyler went out into the street and paced up and down with his platol in his hand in a distracted manner until Patrolman Moran came long, when he surrendered himself and was committed to await the result of Gilroy's injuries. Two bullets were found to have a sounder come in and break up your family."

He said further th

Guttenburg Entries.

Driving Park to-day are as follows: 00, of which \$50 to the sec-

for \$2,500 to carry full

The conditions and probable starters for to-day are as follows: The first race int "e cook, at a mile and a furiong, and the third race, a mile dash, did not fill. For the commer a First Race.—Purse \$300, of which \$50 to the second for all ages; three-quarters of a mile. Wary 108 Princess Blandins 9
Cetains 103 Don Regent 8
Second Race.—Blue Ribbou Blakes, for three-rescoids, at \$100 each, \$50 forfeit, \$10 only if declared by Aug. 1, 1887, \$20 if by April 1, 1888, with \$500 added, the second to receive \$200 out of the stakes; winner of Phonix Hotel Stakes (The Unevaluer) to carry 5 ib. extra; mile and a haif.

quarters of a mile.

Koscmako. 110 Mohaning
Volatile. 108 Liantha.
Firth Race. — Purse 8300, of which \$50 to second; in a slownness one mile.

105 Black Knight 101 Italhe B..... Unique Lucky Jim..... Tudor Pools were sold here to-night as follows: First Race—Wary, 200; Princess Blandina, 214, field, 513. Fourth Race—Kosciusko and Volatile, 210 each. Marchma and Liartha, 25 each field, 25; Firth Race—Tudor, 268; Unique, 230; End, 210. No selling on the second race,

Racing at Baltimore. The entries for the several races to-day's dirst Race. Pures \$500, of which \$100 to the second, for all ages; winning penalties, non-winning and maiden thowances; one mine. allowances: one mile.

Al Reed. 11: Salvini 25.

Al Reed. 11: Salvini 95

Saatick: 106 Golden Rees. 90

Paymester 108 Michael 87

Sam Keene. 97

Seatick, formerly Section.

Second Race. Closapsake stakes, for three-year-old filine, at 850 each half forfeit: \$10 enly if declared by May 1, 1857, with \$600 added, of which \$400 to the second: mile and a guarter. in mile and a quarter.
Bowies ch. f. Balle d'Or, by Rayon d'Or, 113 ib.
H. Kernaghan's b. f. Annie C., by Enquirer, 113

Davis & Hall's br. m. Bess. 5, by Fadiadesn.

W. C. Daly's b. c. The Bourban, 5, by Brilet.

W. dennings's b. g. Glenmound, 4, by Glenmore.

J. H. Barris's b. h. Fanans, 5, by King Alfonso.

J. H. Wondery's b. A. Reed, 4, by Voltgreur.

C. Listelsel's b. c. Klamsti, 4, by Cichelig.

Briefs ch. g. Losburg, 4, by Vassell.

A. Reed is a doubtful darter.

A. Reed is a doubtful darter.

J. H. Reed is a doubtful darter.

J. H. Reed is a doubtful darter.

J. Reed is a doubtful darter.

J. Reed is a doubtful darter.

Delegates from the Eighteenth. The Tammany delegates to the Democratic State Convention from the Eighteenth Assembly District are Commissioner Richard Crokes, Gen. Roger A. Pryor and Col. William Brown. The alternates are Patrick Corrigan, Jacob C. Wund and William Bennate.

11 A. M.

100 LIVES IN PERIL.

Morning Fire.

Sergt. O'Brien's Gallant Rescue of a Woman,

come by Smoke-The Sergeant's Pace and Hands Burned - Prompt Work by the Firemen Soon Get the Flames Under Control-Is It Areas ?

sleep in the tenement-house at No. 252 Madidoor, at 2.30 o'clock this morning.

ion, which is right across the street from the tenement-house, was the first to the smoke coming from the 86e windows, and without waiting to give the alarm he called to Sergt. O'Brien, who was at the desk, and Roundsman Barry and the three rushed together into the burning building to arouse the occupants. The people living on the fourth and fifth

floors had already been awakened by the shricks of Mrs. Kalynsky, who had escaped with her children from the burning apart-

The flames had gained considerable head way meanwhile, and when the Fire Department arrived they were bursting from all the windows of the Kalynsky apartment. A few moments were sufficient, however, to extinguish them, and in half an hour the frightened tenants were able to go lack to their rooms.

hour the frightened tenants were able to go back to their rooms.

Kalynsky had not been seen since the outbreak of the fire. He was one of the first, it is said, to leave the building, having been seen by one of the tenants on the first floor running out just after the policeman went in. His wife said this morning that the fire was caused by the upsetting of a lamp which had been left burning in the room next to the bedroom. Kolynsky is a tailor and worked for a Broadway wholesale house. His furniture was insured for \$850.

the Constitution was his shield—until the ballot was his sword.

And iong after we are dead the colored man in this and other lands will speak his name in reverence and love. Others wavered, but he atood firm; some were false, but he was proudly true—fear-lessly faitaful unto death.

He cladly, proudly grasped the hands of colored men who stood with him as makere of our laws, and treated them as equals and as friends. The cry of "social equality," coined and uttered by the cruel and the base, was to him the expression of a great and splendid truth. He knew that no man can be the equal of the one he robs—that the intelligent and unjust are not the superiors of the ignorant and honest—and he also felt, and proudly felt, that if he were not too great to reach the hand of help and recognition to the slave, no other Senator could rightfully refuse.

HE WAS AN HONEST MAM.

HE WAS AN HONEST MAN. We rise by raising others—and he who stoops above the failen stands erect.

Nothing can be grander than to sow the seeds or noble thoughts and virtuous deeds—to liberate the bodies and the souls of men—to earn the grateful homage of a race—and then, in life's last shadowy hour, to know and feel that the historian of liberty will be compelled to write your name.

There are no words intense enough—with heart enough—to express my admiration for the great and gallant souls who have in every age and every land upheld the right and who have lived and died for freedom's sake.

enough—to express my admiration for the great and gallant souls who have in every age and every land upbeld the right and who have lived and died for freedom's sake.

In our lives have been the grandest years that man has lived, that Time has measured by the flight of worlds.

The history of that great party that let the oppressed go free—that lifted our nation from the depths of savagery to freedom's cloudless heights, and tore with holy hands from every law the words that sanctified the cruelty of man, is the most glorious in the annals of our race. Never before was there such a moral exaltation—never a party with a purpose so pure and high. It was the embodied conscience of a nation, the enthusiasm of a people guided by wisdom, the impersonation of justice; and the sublime victory achieved loaded even the conquered with all the rights that freedom can bestow.

Roscoe Conkling was an absolutely honest man. Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling. Without that they fall and grovelling file in weeds and dust. He believed that a nation should discharge its obligations. He knew that a promise could not be made often enough, or emphatic enough, to take the place of payment. He felt that the promise of the Government was the promise of every citizen—that a national obligation was a personal debt, and that no possible combination of words and pictures could take the place of coilingations among men are not set down in writing, signed and sealed, but reside in honor. "He knew that repulsation was the sacrifice of honor—the death of the national soul. He knew that without character, without integrity, there is no wealth, and that below poverty, below bankruptcy, is the rayless abyse of repadiation. He upheld the sacredness of contracts, of plighted national faith, and has below poverty, below bankruptcy, is the rayless abyse of repadiation. He upheld the sacredness of contracts, of plighted national faith, and helped to save and keep the honor of his native land. This adds another lanrel to his brow.

ALLEGED TO BE DELIRIOUS. STILL

ADVICES TO THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE ABOUT KAISER PREDERICK.

Absolutely Incapable of Transacting Busi-However, Continue to Record Relative Fever in the Evening-The Date of Prince

Fork World), IMPROTAL CABLE DESPATOR TO THE WORLD.

LONDON, May & -Public and private accounts of

BERLIN, May 9.-The Emperor had a fairly satts-The Emperor is tree from fever to-day. The

9 P. M. -The Emperor passed a very satisfactory

The Empress and the Princesses took a long

Hesse is now fixed for May 24.

Sopyright, 1888, by The Press Publishing

This afternoon the Deputy Coroner for Westminster held an inquiry at Mr. Sands's residence. Police Constable Carew, of the A Division, said: 'I saw the deceased on horseback coming along Rotten Row at a canter. The horse no sooner reached the hard roadway than it slipped and and not a granite crossing where the horse fell,

and said that there had never been a similar accident there before. Arthur Ward, the house surgeon at St. George's Hospital, deposed that Mr. Sands died at 8 o'clock base of the skull. He lived an hour and a half after admission to the hospital. A verdict of accidental

was no occasion for a panic. England's preparaforeign powers. Still, the Government recognized the necessity for immediate action. At all the military ports and coaling stations the work of strengthening the defenses was being carried on with renewed activity, and at the leading mercantile ports every effort was being made to complete the submarine mining defenses. An attack upon London by way of the Thames would be made an absolute impossibility. Multifarious forces of reg-ulars, militia and volunteers were about to be organized, and the Government would be ble to produce at short notice a field army sufficient to defend England and primarily to protect London. The leading feature of the plan would be the formation of a third army corps, composed of regulars, militia and volunteers, to be used chiefly in the defense of ports; also the for mation of a reserve field army corps. The points of concentration and lines of defense were being carefully arranged and the transport service would

11.5; Campana, 260.7. Local News Condensed. At the request of the attorney the hearing Tammany Hall petitions against the Sugar has been adjourned to Monday at 1 P. M.

Panic Caused in a Tenement by a

Mrs. Dooley Rushed Back to Her Room to Get an Insurance Policy and Was Over-

More than a hundred people were fast son street, where tire broke out in the apartnents of Joseph Kalynsky, on the fourth

Officer Powell, of the Madison street sta-

ment, and was making the best of her way down the stairs.

They crowded into the narrow hallways, which were filled with smoke. Most of the women were frantic with fright, and did not know which way to turn.

women were frantic with fright, and did not know which way to turn.

The uproar was increased when the occupants of the lower floors, who had been aroused by the police, swarmed from their rooms in a mad rush for the narrow and rickety stairways.

When Sergt. O'Brien and his companions reached the fourth floor the fire had not gained sufficient headway to block the passageways, and most of the panic-stricken tenants were rushed down the stairway, while the others were taken out by a window to the roof of the adjoining building.

Only one woman, Mrs. Ann Dooley, fainted. She was one of the fourth-floor tenants, and while the police were trying to get her to the window she broke sway from them and rushed back to her room to get an insurance policy which she had left behind. She would undoubtedly have been burned to death but for the prompt action of Sergeant O'Brien, who rushed after her and carried her back to the window. His hands and arms were severely bylned. The woman had fainted.

In less than ten minutes the building had been cleared and the tenants had been removed to the police station, most of them in their night clothes, for there had been no time to dress.

GRANTS OLD HOME. Put on Wheels and Taken Around as an Attraction at Centennial Shows.

ISPECIAL TO THE WORLD, U. S. Grant was born, nothing extraordinary of itself, and nowise different from many humble homes of its period, has been leased by Col. Morton L. Hawkins, ex-Sheriff of Hamilton County, and will be on exhibition for one hundred days at the approaching centennial exposition in Cincinnati. It is to be lifted from its present foundation, a beautiful site near the Ohio at Point Pleasant, this (Ciermont) county, put on a flat, and floated dewn the river to Cincinnati. Then it will be put on wheels and taken to the exposition grounds, where it may be seen at so much a peep. Its lessees hope to preserve the historic old building intact and in its present excellent condition of renair as nearly as possible. They have secured a good many Grant mementoes, and will make a first-class curiosity shop out of it. No count it will be one of the features of the centennial aggregation, and give inousands an opportunity to bessi of having stood in the very room where the great General was born. But it can hardly be called a shrine, nor can the old wails or clothes or military trappings recall the spirit of the modest old warrior, who so greatly despised all such display. Michael Hirsca, the owner of the property, is supposed to be a partner in the enterprise. The people of Point Fleanant dislike the idea of removing the old house, as many lear it will never come back. Since it is to go on wheels and be carted around the country they naturally expect to hear of its being hashed to Columbus, where there is to be another. Only only thing to Washington Park of mean anything there is something these simple villagers cannot under-(Clermont) county, put on a flat, and floated down

Congressman O'Neill's Bill.

The secretaries of the labor organizations throughout the country have received copies of bill 8,716, presented in the House of Representatives by Congressman O'Nell, of Missouri, logether with a pelition for its passage. The measure is for the purpose of protecting free labor from the injurious effects of convict labor by confining the sale of the goods, wares and merchandise manufactured by convict labor to the State in which they are produced. tives souri,

A Fint Contradiction. Some one has told you that your catarrh is mean-ble. It is not so. Dis. Saun's Caranna Runner Solls one has told you that your Catarrie Remember able. It is not so. Dr. Saur's Catarrie Remember will ourself. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it idd not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrie is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious forms. All druggists.